BROTHERHOOD.
The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star is Brotherhood.
—Edwin Markham.

Here's Another Installment of the Marvelous Adventures of the Man Fish Who Ruled the Seas

The Times' Sunday Magazine Page

GREATER THAN ALL.
Four things greater than all things are
Women and horses and power and war.
—Rudyard Kipling.

Do You Believe in Signs?

By C. D. BATCHELOR

ALL of us do believe in signs. We may not be superstitious, yet we even look to signs, to outward for inner fads. A face made artificial with rouge, a cigarette in one hand and a cocktail in the other, are not incontestable proofs of a cheap and false nature. But they are signs. They are signs which make up the judgment of associates which, in the aggregate, is that dear thing—our reputation. You may "get away with it," but you are playing a game with the cards against you.

HICTANER 'The Man Fish'

By Jean de la Hire

A Strange Story of Mystery and Fanaticism

SEVERAC was about to scale the cliff when his eyes were struck by an object that the waves were battering against the rock upon which he was seated.

He lowered himself and seized the object. It was a little pine board. He was going to toss it back when, as he turned it over mechanically, he saw these letters rudely traced on the other face of the board:

BALEAR.

This time Severac could not restrain a cry of triumph and gladness. Under the letters he saw the secret symbol, the sign of the cryptogram which Vera knew.

"Vera—Moisette!" he cried hoarsely.

He fell on the rock fainting.

* * * * * *

An hour later the sea had risen bit by bit, until Severac's right hand had been lapped by a wave. Another stronger one sent a cloud of icy spray over his face.

Severac trembled and awoke.

It took him several moments to collect his wits and recover his memory.

When he had fully revived, Severac murmured haltingly:

"Vera, daughter, I forgot you, and you saved me! I ask your forgiveness.

"I do not know what has happened. Some day I shall know. I shall lighten the mystery.

"Where is Hictaner? I shall find him.

"I am sure that Moisette is not dead, for Vera would not have left her, and Vera is at the Balearics.

"How? Why? I shall know as soon as I am ready to scour the seas and to fight.

"I need a submersible and an electric mirror. The magazine and the old laboratory of the grottoes are intact. My four companions will help me construct the submersible. The electric mirror will permit me to leave the grottoes again, having the launch carried out by my companions.

"Yes, I say 'permit me,' because with it I will have a whole army's strength.

"These imbeciles can tap all the rocks on Cape Creus; they will never find the entrance, for I will break up the mechanism at once.

"Come, nothing is lost! I will find Moisette, Vera will explain everything and at last I shall triumph—to the 'Omega,' then!"

Having finished his ruminations, Severac slipped the plank into his belt, put the two revolvers between his head and his cap, which he pulled down over his ears, and having thus made sure that his weapons would not be wet, he jumped into the water.

He swam vigorously, approximately following the edge of the cliff, and coming out at the creek of Canlep, facing the Island of Cullero, we went ashore. He soon found the ravine by which he had come, and four hours later he joined his companions, who were still lying in the creek protected by Cape Corrego.

He related all he had seen in detail.

After his long recital was finished the five men partook of a substantial meal. They then completely covered the Omega with a strong duck covering prepared for that purpose, and opening the valve to the water ballast, they sank the launch to the bottom.

They were thus certain to find it when they needed it.

When their work was finished night had come. The five men started along the road traveled by Severac in single file.

Back to the Grotte.

Five hours later they came to the foot of Puig de las Pertas. It was 2 o'clock in the morning. In their tents on the plain the soldiers were sleeping. A sentinel would have been useless, for an attack did not enter anyone's mind.

Severac and his companions could, therefore, penetrate without hindrance to that unimaginable gateway to the grottoes.

When they had entered the subterranean passage, Severac tried the rocky wall, found an iron handle and pressed it down. There was the immediate response of a strident metallic creaking.

"Now," said Severac, "they can sound all the rocks and press on all the stones in the world and they will never get in."

The five men descended the sloping passage, fantastically lighted by an electric pocket lamp which Severac held in the air.

It took Severac's companions just five days to build an electric submersible like that on which Severac had taken Moisette from the Lost Isle.

Of course all the pieces of the launch from the keel to electric batteries were ready in advance, arranged in order, numbered and held in reserve in a cavern of the former magazine of the grottoes.

It was Severac, really, who had invented and constructed the first submersible launch. In order to easily and quickly repair any damage, he had all the parts duplicated.

Later, after his rescue by Fulbert, when he found himself at the Balearics, he had gone to Barcelona under the pretext of bringing away the electric launch which one of his comrades in anarchy had hidden. He had not told Fulbert that the launch was hidden at Rosas Grottoes. Fulbert, only knowing of the existence of the grottoes through Antil, was ignorant that Severac was always sure to find there the material of which to construct a new launch in a few days.

While his four companions were working to put together the numbered parts of the submersible, which bore the name of Bakouvine, Severac was constructing his marvelous electric mirror in solitude.

He was able to do this in spite of the destruction of the plans in the demolition of the grottoes, because the inventor's prodigious memory easily took the place of written documents.

The five men were working in absolute calm, since the searches and the soundings of the engineering soldiers on Cape Creus were futile.

Well might they push aside rocks, search thickets, blow up boulders, lay their ears to earth and stone, for they discovered neither entrances to grottoes, nor grottoes themselves. Everywhere they found the earth's face hard and almost unpenetrable.

By sea Admiral Germinet's divers and Hictaner himself had had no success. That was easily explained, since the submarine entrance to the grottoes had been obstructed and destroyed by Antil.

After a seven days search a conference was held aboard the Cyclone, composed of Hictaner, Mr. White, the Admiral, Ciserat, Douzans, Sainte Claire, and the colonel of the engineers.

The discussions were animated and lasted well into the night.

It was Hictaner who finally formulated these conclusions.

"I am convinced, he said, sadly, "that the grottoes lay where we now see a demolished cliff.

"There can be no entrance by land.

"An unexplainable upheaval has destroyed them. Everything leads one to suppose that Moisette is a victim of the cataclysm. Yes, everything points that way, and yet I do not believe it, for if in my heart I were convinced of Moisette's death, I should go to the top of a rock and hurl myself down to die."

He was silent—and the others respected his sorrow.

"No, Moisette has not perished," he went on with conviction. "Something in my heart affirms it. My mind says it just as surely, for I cannot forget the plank which I threw into the water upon which was freshly scratched with the point of a knife the word BALEAR.

"I even remember that now. How is it I have not told you before! Perhaps it has some importance.

"I remember now that there was another mark on the plank. My eyes saw it without my mind noticing it. But for two days the mark has haunted me, and I have come to think, I don't know why, that it had some special meaning. Give me a pencil, please."

Much mystified the officers crowded round. Ciserat was the first to take a pencil from his pocket and offer it to Hictaner.

Then he took a sheet of paper and unhesitatingly, as if by a freak of memory, he made several marks upon the white page.

The Mysterious Clue.

When they saw the characters M. White and the admiral uttered a sharp exclamation together and jumped to their feet.

"Are you sure? Are you sure?" said the admiral.

"Yes," replied Hictaner. "Do you know the signs?"

"It is Severac's mark."

"Which only Vera knows," exclaimed M. White.

"And Vera was with Moisette in the grottoes."

"Ah!"

There was a long silence. The same tumult of thoughts throbbed in the mind of Hictaner and the others as disturbed Severac upon discovering the plank.

"They would be at the Balearics," said Hictaner. "But how?"

Why?"

Hictaner made the same resolve as Severac.

"We must go to the Balearics."

The discussion was reopened—animated by an emotion which made their eyes shine, their voices break, their hands tremble feverishly.

At 2 o'clock that afternoon the order to depart was given.

The torpedo boats and submarines proceeded out to sea, while the colonel marshaled his men, sent them to Rosas, where they were to drive to Figueres to take the train for France.

"Steer for the southern end of the Island of Cabrera," said Hictaner to the admiral, and he plunged into the sea to find his Torpedo.

An hour later, the moving rocks of Puig de las Porias on Cape Creus separated and let five men out. Four of them were bearing with difficulty a launch whose brasses shone in the pale light of the moon. The fifth, who walked in advance, lighted the path with an electric lamp and carried slung from his shoulder, a square box of the dimensions of a medium sized photograph camera.

It was only by taking infinite care and by resting every twenty steps, that the four men could reach the inlet of Canlep without accident.

They walked down into the sea until the keel of the Bakouvine was submerged. Then at a signal from Severac they drew back at the same moment and the launch floated.

(To be Continued Tomorrow)

Our Best Society

By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE

It Is Composed of Those Who Work for Others, Whether with Their Hands or Brains

By Mary Ellen Sigsbee.

A CORRESPONDENT from San Francisco writes of how hard it is to be a servant. She says that she believes "there is nothing more degrading on earth."

There is no doubt whatever about its being a hard life. That is why the factories are crowded with women and girls who make less there than they could at domestic service. But there are many things very much worse than being a servant.

For one thing it is more so to be idle, irritable and selfish, as is the mistress illustrated in this picture. When you come right down to hard facts it is more degrading to help produce cheap and shoddy goods in a factory than it is to perform the perfectly honest labor called for in domestic service.

The servant in this picture has not thought much about the meaning of the word "lady," but she comprehends without thinking far more of the meaning of the term than does her mistress. She realizes that this word refers primarily to character in all except the narrowest society on earth.

She is paid to perform certain duties in this household, but that which taxes her endurance is not the work, but the overbearing attitude which her employers take toward her. This she sometimes feels is beyond the power of money to settle. She wants courtesy and appreciation.

This young girl tries to be patient with her employer's irritability. She tries to remember that in spite of her wealth this woman's life is empty and meaningless. She tries to do her work well, and when in spite of this she fails to give satisfaction she does not feel "degraded," but is strong in her conviction that service well performed is in itself a badge of honor. She belings to the world's Best Society.

The World's Great Dreamers

By C. A. Martin.

THE old saying that humorists are always sad in private life was certainly true in the case of Charles Lamb. Poverty and tragedy followed him nearly all his life.

He was born in 1775 in the Temple in London, his father and mother being the servants of Samuel Salter, who lived in the Inner Temple. They had several children, of whom only three, Charles, John and Mary, grew up.

Until he was seven he with his sister attended a poor little day school where, according to his own account, the teacher's knowledge was hardly greater than that of his pupils.

When he was seven, through the kindness of Mr. Salter, he was appointed to Christ's Hospital, better known as the Blue Coat Boys' School, which until a few years ago still flourished in London, and which took its popular name from the long blue coats worn by the boys, who were also compelled to go about without hats.

Lamb remained there until he was fourteen, passing his brief holidays either with his parents or with his maternal grandmother, who was the housekeeper for an important family in the country. It was while he was in this school that he formed a friendship for Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who also was to become a famous writer.

On leaving school Lamb went to work in South Sea House, but when he was seventeen he went to India House, another company engaged in trade with the Far East. Here he remained for over thirty years. At one time he had serious thoughts of studying for the ministry, but he stuttered so badly all his life that he soon realized that that career was closed to him.

The same year that he joined the forces of India House his father's patron, Mr. Salter, died, leaving his old servants a small legacy. They were obliged to move from their pleasant quarters in the Temple and afterward seemed to lead a more or less wandering existence, as they frequently moved from one part of London to another.

The family, which included an elderly aunt, lived on the legacy and what small amounts the son could contribute from his meagre wages. To supplement this their daughter, Mary, did sewing. Mrs. Lamb was an invalid with a strong strain of insanity.

On a September day, her nerves broken by overwork, Mary Lamb in an insane frenzy stabbed her mother with a knife which she had caught up from the work table.

She was so plainly mad that she was not tried for the murder, but sent to an institution. After a time she appeared to have recovered and was allowed to return to her family in the custody of her brother. The father and aunt soon afterward died, and the brother and sister lived together, except for the intervals when she had to be under restraint, until his death. Together they wrote the "Tales from Shakespeare," which have delighted so many children.

Lamb was the author of many delightfully humorous essays. He had a large circle of literary friends, among whom were Southey, Wordsworth, Cooleridge, Hood, Leigh Hunt and Hazelitt. His work in the office was always the greatest drudgery. His dream was to be free to follow a more congenial occupation. After thirty years he was retired on a pension.

He was unhappy in surviving almost all of his friends, the last of whom was Coleridge.

Overworked and insufficiently nourished, he eventually succumbed to a slight accident. Walking in the street one evening he stumbled and fell, cutting his face slightly. Erysipelas set in. He had not strength enough to throw off the disease and died a few days later, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. His unfortunate sister survived him nearly thirteen years.

The Manicure Lady

BY WILLIAM F. KIRK

By William F. Kirk.

"I SEEN in the paper this morning where a lady is suing a gent for divorce in some State out West because he poisoned her poodle dog," said the Manicure Lady. "That ain't no grounds for sending two lives separate, is it, George?"

"It don't seem so to me," said the Head Barber, "but if they was unhappy together I suppose they could just as well make it on one grounds as another. It must be the tough life, kid, for a dog to live in that kind of a family."

"That's what father was saying at breakfast," said the Manicure Lady. "Of course the old gent never gives much thought to divorce, as him and mother gets along so grand all the time, but he did say that when love flies out of the window a lawyer might as well fly in. Life is too short to be spent with a sparring partner, he says, and I guess maybe he's right. I hope when I marry there won't never be no jam. I just couldn't stand words, George, and if a gent ever tried to treat me harsh he would get the quickest fare-you-well a gent ever got. I'm hard to win, that's why I ain't married yet, but when I do marry I am going to be a queen in my household. That's what—a queen!"

"Right for you!" agreed the Head Barber. "Some day a fine gent will blow along and take you away from here, and, believe me, you gotta have me up to supper once in awhile. And I'll introduce you and your husband to our married crowd. We play cards every week at one of our houses—ten-cent limit."

"Poor old George!" exclaimed the Manicure Lady, smiling indulgently. "Life would be a awful desert for you if there wasn't no form of gambling, wouldn't it? A awful desert! I suppose you'll want to make a bet with the doctor when your time comes to pass on. Don't you NEVER think of nothing but gambling, George?"

"Everything in life is a gamble," said the Head Barber. "All you are sure of is that you ain't sure of nothing. I don't see what you've got against gambling, kid. That is, nice, tame gambling, where you don't lose enough to hurt nobody. I don't see how you can keep away from gambling a little around this shop where that is about all you hear. Your best customers is gamblers, and my best customers is gamblers, too.

"Business men shave themselves, and keep their nails worn so short grabbing after profits that they never have to get 'em manicured, so most of the talk I hear all day is about taking a flyer on something, somewhere."

"But I was reading," said the Manicure Lady, "where some great gent said gambling kept folks from honest endeavor and regular sleep, which alone was the best argument against it, and that besides that it gave you something for nothing. Wilfred says there ain't nothing to that last argument, but that's because he never got something for nothing when he was gambling, being that he always loses."

"Well," said the Head Barber, "some of these days I am going to make enough gambling to quit forever, and live on my money."

"Poor old George!" smiled the Manicure Lady, "poor, foolish man! You oughta have a guardian, George, only you can't afford one. How do you like my new ring? I almost forgot to show it to you."

"It must have cost a lot," said the Head Barber.

"I guess it did, but I don't know how much," said the Manicure Lady. "I won it at a raffle!"

Making the Most of Your Vacation

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"I WONDER if it will ever get to be the first of August. Gee! Won't I have a good time when that comes round," cried Hilda. "Me for the mountains. I've got a bunch of pretty clothes and I bet I have a swell time. There are lots of dandy fellows at the place where I'm going. What are you going to do, Lottie?"

"Going to stay right in little old New York and sleep all day long and dance around every night. I have a bunch of dates with the fellows in my boarding house. None of them goes the same time I do and they've all promised to give me one grand time if I'll stay in little old Manhattan and keep them from getting lonesome. And now, Marion, what are you going to do?"

"Oh, I'm going down to Atlantic City. I've got to stay in a cheap little place but I have some pretty clothes and I'll live right out on the board walk. Say, we three sure have nice vacations planned. We're going to have a good time in our own quiet way. I bet none of the boys in this office have half as much fun as we're going to get out of our two weeks. Let's find out what they're doing; I'd kind of like to see myself putting it over on the men folks for a change."

The Other Side.

Investigation proved that Fritz Condon was going to spend his two weeks at a boys' camp, where once he had been councillor. Ned James was going off with another chap on a canoeing trip and Phil Barclay was planning a "hike" through the Lake Champlain district. Norton Gregory was going down to his sister's bungalow and expected to read a lot of the good things he'd been anxious to get at all Winter. There wasn't a man in the office who described his vacation in terms of a fashionable Summer resort—girls, dancing or social gayety!

Those are real people in a real office. I know girls who do go off to camps and who plan for very different vacations from those of Hilda, Lottie and Marion. But I am afraid they're percentage is small.

Every Summer brings up a new version of Gibson's famous old cartoon, "The Only Man at the Beach." Fashionable Summer resorts are almost manless. If there is good golf or tennis or sailing the week-end brings in an influx of men who dance a bit on Saturday night to pay off their social obligations to the world and who squire a pretty girl about the place, if she knows how to handle the tiller of a boat or hold her own in mixed doubles.

But men are learning that a vacation ought to bring renewal, refreshment—both mental and physical—change and rest for jaded nerves.

The fairy land for vacationists lies outdoors, not in crowded hotel lobbies, not in over-heated ballrooms, not in stuffy restaurants—but out in the open we all find the heart of true vacation.

Two weeks of freedom from routine ought to send you back to work refreshed and renewed. If you are a dweller in a stuffy flat, won't a little of the simplicity of life on a farm be a wonderful thing for you? If you are accustomed to the routine of an office, what possible rest can you get from it in the routine of a life like this: Get up at nine, don white linen, breakfast at ten, sit on the piazza and discuss your neighbors, stroll down to the beach at eleven, take your ocean dip at twelve, lunch at one-thirty, listen to the band concert and discuss your neighbors some more, take a nap, dress for dinner, yawn through an evening, yearning for the week-end party to bring in the men.

At the end of two weeks of that, come back to the city, minus seventy-five dollars which should have gone into your savings bank account, plus a little tan and the restless feeling that you aren't as rested as you thought you'd be.

Finding out which you really need—the quiet of the country, the zestful stimulation of deep-sea swimming, long hikes over mountain trails, the hush of the balsam woods and the peace of fishing in cool lakes, or the keen exertion of sports—there must be some one thing which would send you back to work fit as a fiddle.

It isn't dressing up and talking from morning to night to a lot of lazy, rocking-chair folk; it isn't dashing around in search of a good time; it isn't spying out for a husband—it's just giving nature a chance to bathe and rest and heal you. Figure out your vacation from the point of view of efficiency. It's a crime to waste it.

Stories of Interest

Unnecessary Trouble.

Herbert and Louise were dining off fowl in a restaurant.

"You see," he explained, as he showed her the wishbone, "you take hold here. Then we must both make a wish and pull, and when it breaks the one who has the biggest part of it will have his or her wish granted."

"But I don't know what to wish for," she protested.

"Oh, you can think of something," he said.

"No, I can't," she replied. "I can't think of anything I want very much."

"Well, I'll wish for you," he exclaimed.

"Will you, really?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Well, then, there's no use fooling with the old wishbone," she interrupted with a glad smile; "you can have me!"

Equal to the Occasion.

A company of German soldiers having entered the small town of Roye, one of the officers swaggered into a hotel, halted a waiter and called for a meal, at the same time laying his sword on the table. The waiter returned with a pitchfork, which he placed by the sword.

"What does this mean?" demanded the officer in a gruff voice.

"Oh," replied the waiter, "this is the only fork I could find to match your knife!"

No Substance.

Brinks: "What a grasping fellow you are, Jigson. You've bothered me about this bill fifty times in ten days."

Jigson: "You wrong me, sir. I'm not grasping. I've bothered you about the bill, I admit, but I haven't been able to grasp anything yet."